

Innis Herald
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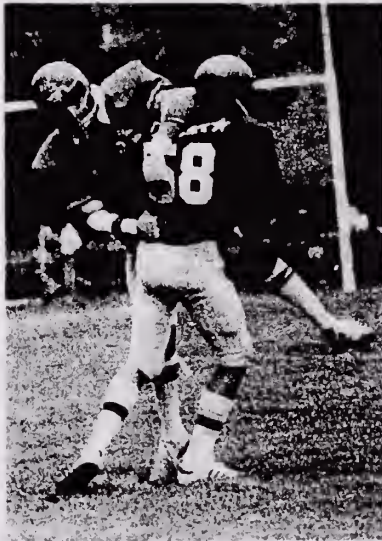
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Innis Herald

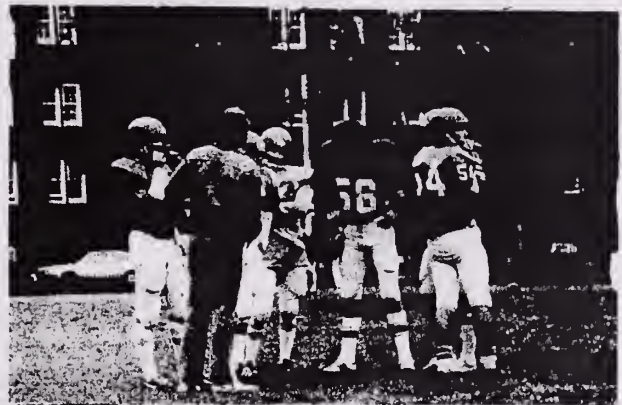


INNIS COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



Vol. XVI No. 2
October 1982

photo by Adam Socha



Football



at Innis

SEE P. 7

Writ asks I.C.S.S. for funding

mag reprint by Jerry Silverberg



by Katie Russell

At an ICSS Student Services meeting on September 21, Roger Greenwald, editor of *Writ* magazine, submitted a request for funding assistance. Of the \$1,000 he asked for, he was granted only \$300, although the proposal will be reconsidered when the ICSS 82-83 budget is reviewed sometime in October. Because the ICSS was unable to assemble a quorum last spring, when *Writ* 13 was going to press, \$500 of Greenwald's proposal is to cover last year's costs.

Writ is what is known as a "little magazine", devoted to previously unpublished poetry and prose, and has been associated with Innis College since 1970. Although the ICSS was instrumental in getting it off the ground, in recent years there has been an increasing reluctance to subsidize the magazine. Greenwald admits that while only a handful of Innis students have ever been published in *Writ*, he receives submissions from all over the continent. Because of Greenwald's editorial and publishing policies, the magazine is widely known and well respected. As the only literary publication with such a scope at the University of Toronto, *Writ* is perhaps Innis' most valuable representative outside the campus.

Opponents to Greenwald's request pointed out that Innis students do not benefit from the publication, and that \$1,000 is exactly 1/18 of the ICSS resources for the year. Publishing costs for *Writ* run about \$3,000, so \$500 per issue would solve one sixth of the magazine's difficulties.

Greenwald said that a foundation is being set up for the magazine, which he hopes will eventually be self-supportive. It is presently financed by grants from the Ontario Arts Council and some revenue from subscribers and a few retail sales. Besides campaigning for more subscribers, Greenwald said that he may be moved to supplement the primarily new author oriented content with more well known writers.

Every two weeks the ICSS holds a Student Services meeting, at which all Innis student are eligible to vote. Unfortunately, they are not advertised as well as they might be, and are attended primarily by ICSS executive members. The operation and funding of college activities are decided upon at these meetings. Anyone who is concerned about the organization of extracurricular activities at Innis should make their presence known. Chris Wilson, the ICSS V.P. of services (rm. 116), chairs the meetings.

It's All Greek to Me...

by Roddy MacDonald

Having survived the rigours of registration and then of orientation, it's time to settle in and find a niche for yourself in this gergentuen institution. It's time to find out where you fit in and feel comfortable. For some of you it will be with old high school chums, or the neighbourhood friends you grew up with. For others it may be that a college (not necessarily your own) will offer just the right mixture of people. Some students, loners for the most part, will find a physical location — perhaps a table at Roberts or a long-lost classroom at UC — where people are less important than the stability offered by the place itself. Still others never do find a niche here and, for them, university can be a very unsatisfactory experience.

For many people, fraternities at U. of T. offer just what they're looking for: a group of friendly people from a wide range of backgrounds and involved in an even wider range of scholastic pursuits. Fraternities are small, closely-knit groups which help to fight off the isolation one often feels at university. Belonging to a college, particularly a small college like Innis, helps to overcome the enormity of U. of T., but a fraternity scales it down to a human size which is much more pleasant.

People come to fraternity life in different ways and for different reasons. However one becomes involved, the "Animal House" or "Fraternity Row" images are quickly dispelled. Fraternities offer a mixture of parties ("wild and crazy" as well as jacket-and-tie), sports, politics and scholastics. People may say that joining a fraternity, in particular a men's fraternity, only builds up one's drinking skills; perhaps it can do that, but so can joining the rugby club. Fraternities do offer the opportunity to develop a variety of skills (leadership, public speaking, accounting, carpentry, plumbing...it depends what you're interested in). Most important, they teach one how to deal with people.

There is no "typical" fraternity member, but, in general, they are fairly outgoing. Given

the relatively small number of "Greeks" on campus, a disproportionately large number of them are active in campus affairs. Here at Innis, hardly a year goes by that the executive of the Student Society is not rife with fraternity members. From student executives to on-campus puns, from charity drives to varsity football games, fraternities are alive and visible at U. of T. If you're looking for your niche at this university, why not try a fraternity?

For much of this term all the fraternities will be "rushing" new members. The length of the rush period varies from one House to another, but there will be lots of rush functions to choose from. Keep your eyes open for posters and announcements. Check out the different Houses and see if fraternities might be your kind of place. You can drop by any of the Houses listed below and find out what functions they have planned; or give them a call and let them know that you're interested in fraternities. Try several Houses and see which ones suit you best. If you're interested in them, they'll be interested in you. Joining a fraternity is the start of friendships which will last long after you've left school. It could be the best thing you ever do at U. of T.



cartoon by Phil Ross

FRATERNITIES

Alphe Delle Phi 94 Prince Arthur 925-8245	Phi Gemme Delta 45 Madison 921-1356
Bete Theta Pi 131 Lowther 926-0781	Phi Keppe Phi 85 Bedford 923-1327
Delta Upsilon 182 St. George 923-0181	Phi Keppe Sigma 183 St. George 923-0278
Delta Keppe Epsilon 157 St. George 923-0224	Sigma Alpha Mu 44 Albany 535-3177
Delta Tau Delta 28 Madison 923-7072	Sigma Chi 350 Huron 979-9838
Keppe Alpha 160 St. George 979-1042	Sigma Nu 407 Huron 979-9004
Keppe Sigma 216 Beverly 979-2014	Theta Delta Chi 22 Madison 923-0224
Lambda Chi Alpha 152 St. George 979-2490	Zeta Psi 180 St. George 987-9867
Phi Delta Theta 165 St. George 924-5867	

SORORITIES

Alphe Gamme Delta 506 Huron 922-1810	Gamme Phi Beta 26 Madison 921-8436
Alpha Omicron Pi 24 Madison 922-3646	Kappa Kappe Gamma 32 Madison 921-7661
Alphe Phi 30 Lowther 922-2887	Pi Beta Phi 220 Beverly 979-9653
Delta Delta Delta 30 Madison 922-5609	

Moderne Architecture and the Human League, or How I Spent My Vacation

by Adam Sobolak

I, the architecture buff, went in August with my parents to Chicago, the architecture capital of the U.S.A. The whole week-long trip was consumed by guild building-searches, for monuments by Sullivan, Wright, Stanley Tigerman (Stanley Tigerman?). Fun it was, if prosaic; we were among the few people in town who didn't go to ChicagoFest to see the Doozie Brothers say bye-bye (pfft). My favorite part of the trip, however, was something entirely unexpected, remarkably undocumented, yet on a scale that would usually justify documentation. Here I document.

At the Museum of Science and Industry in Jackson Park, there was an exhibition of the works of Louis Comfort Tiffany that my mother had planned to see. And yes, the building is of significance: it is the last major survival of the 1893 World's Columbian Exhibition, notorious as the birthplace of the *fin de siècle* Classical revival and Daniel J. Burnham's City Beautiful visions, and as the seed to Louis Sullivan's inglorious fall. Nobody speaks negatively about the Classical anymore, and the event is also renowned for excellent planning and the first Ferris Wheel, so picking sides today is senseless. The museum, by Burnham partner Charles Atwood, served as the Palace of Fine Arts during the fair, and was later taken over by the Field Museum, which went into its own building in 1920. For ten years the Palace... before conversion for its present... in stages between 1929 and 1940... major follower of a German pushbut...ance-museum prototype, forefather

of Toronto's tourist spot at Don Mills and Eglinton.

There the story supposedly ends.

On the outside the building is astonishing enough, the model for upwardly mobile museums and libraries everywhere, only on an immense scale no photograph can accurately capture. All it needs is Danny Burnham sitting at the top of the stairs with veiled, half-clad ladies fanning him. What could they fit into so much space? Only a world's fair would build something like this. Sure, the Palace of Fine Arts violated Sullivan's credo, but it does so with so much bravado that it's worth it—and worth serious study as well. The place sure caught me for a spin, and a surreal effect exists in the acres of parking in front of the entrance facade.

Even so, the innards were still more of an amazement, and in an entirely different sense. One expects a renovation of such a building to be faithful to the original design. The first thing we encountered upon entry, though, was a vestibule straight out of an office building lobby of the period. Then, beyond more doors, the smooth metal surfaces gave way to smooth, distinctly unclassical stone surfaces. There it hit me. The 1929-1940 renovation was total. This was a relic of not only 1893, but the 1933-34 Century of Progress Fair. WHY HADN'T I READ ABOUT THIS EPIC OF THE 1930'S MODERN? Someone pinch me please.

I adore the Moderne, the classic American style of naive futurist fantasy. Correctly speaking, the style is divided into two stages; the first, Art Deco, belonged the wild wacky

1920's and gets all the publicity. The second, known also as "modernistic" or "Art Moderne," is a mostly shortchanged Depression product, and the stage I'm mostly concerned with. Differences do exist between the two. Deco is "vertical," its aspect diagonal and angular and heavily laden with ornament, derived from early 20th century expressionism. Moderne is horizontal, perpendicular, curvy and devoid of ornament. It stands as America's first major borrowing from the International Style. Oh, if only things turned out so well as then.

The circumstances of the times help its appeal. The key word was "optimism." Depression families needed a relieving vision of the future. Many new technologies had been developed, as well as styling; all ugly working parts were now enclosed by attractive packaging, and the "industrial designer" came into existence. Speed was celebrated in the car, the train, the plane. As soon as hardtimes were over, all this wonder would be at everyone's fingertips, itself celebrated in the visuals. Modernism was at the doorstep of becoming a mass aesthetic. In a sense the country was set and prepared for a '50's style fulfillment of wishes — without the at-ten-step of becoming a mass aesthetic. In a sense the country was set and prepared for a '50's style fulfillment of wishes — without the attendant crassness and cynicism. Unfortunately, World War II intervened, and tragically aborted the naive forever in one atom bomb explosion (actually, two - Ed.) In the end a botched, scaleless and ugly version of the Future was foisted upon the public, nearly crippling society. As the well used phrase goes, the dream became a nightmare.

Which makes the 30's, the last great period of



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My apologies to anyone who tried to contact the Herald staff and found only a locked door. Now that my schedule is organized I have established these official Innis Herald Office Hours (!):
Mon.-Wed., Fri. 2-4 p.m.
The Herald office is located in Room 305, that's above the Pub. You can try other times too — someone may be around. And don't hesitate to leave your name and number if these hours are bad for you. I'll definitely get in touch.

Next Deadline: Wed., Oct. 20
Rm. 305

Anti-editorial

"So you're the editor of the Innis Herald."
"Yes, I guess I am."
"I've never seen it."
"There's one right there, on the table next to ours."
"Oh. Well it must be very exciting to be an editor."
"I do really enjoy it."
"Just think of all the things you can do."
"Yes."
"You know, you can shape the whole scope of the paper and stuff."
"Well, it's not as if I have dozens of manuscripts to choose from or anything."
"Yes, but you can present them in an exciting way. And you have such a chance to express yourself in the editorial section!"
"I suppose, but I don't think that anyone reads it."
"Oh, no, you're wrong. It's a lot of power you have, if only you'd realize!"
"Do you really think so?"

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BORROWED CONCEPT CARTOONS INC



American Innocence, all the more poignant. Hand in hand is the moderne, which snobs laughed at the time as a feeble attempt to be right with the times. Yet the stripped-classical of PWA post-offices and curved Mendelssohnian forms of corner department stores convey a sense of purpose and urbanity post-war glass cartons rarely even hoped for. It was a perfectly populist style that, to behold, kept a perfect balance between assertion and basic human needs. Moreover, the style was one of incredible sensuality. The stark, creamy surface consume you, comfort you, warm you. Wombomatic Architecture, if you will. The sperm of modernism meets the ovum of Middle America. It's a darn shame, though, that Johnny can't read.

But I digress. It is an exhilarating experience to enter the Museum of Science and Industry, not just because of the stylistic contrast, or the idea of a backward-looking sheltering forward-looking exhibits, but also due to the incredible scale and cold bravado, equalled only by, among survivors, the existing structures of the 1937 Paris festival (look across from the Eiffel Tower) The lobby, central dome and wings rise for several incredibly high stories, faced in the severe near-Nazi stripped classicism of the time, complete with endless sans-serif friezes tracing scientific names through history. Unlike contemporary specimens (like in Paris), though, it reflects the earnest naivete of the period well enough to overwhelm but never pompously intimidate. Indeed, the total museum ex-

perience constitutes the delight, more than the styling. No leaden pedantry here; it is a fun palace, a Futura that only a depression carnival could have conceived. Half a century later the aura remains one of the bright-eyed optimism, that This Is The Future, that progress and technology are still objects to be proud of and looked at with awe. A delightful institution that could make anyone a kid once more (including today's kids.) For all its pleasure the Ontario Science Centre comes off coldly technological by comparison, ruled by computer vision — too much of our world. Chicago is a huggable windup toy.

We were almost instantly shunted down the stairs (color coded!) to the Tiffany show. The Thirties styling could not be escaped, though; everywhere you looked there was a curved corner, a periodish detail, a certain configuration of spaces. Tiffany itself was very satisfying and instructive and alone worth the trip, a lesson in glass art of the late 19th and early 20th century. And not even it could distract me from the encasing lesson in the Roosevelt era. The movie auditorium had all the sinuousness and multicolored backlit lighting one would ask for. At the end a miniature Radio City grand staircase leads downstairs to the gift shop. Help! Then we went to the cafeteria, more brassy 60's in styling, but again the voluminous space (and french fries in small bags) exuded a far-time feeling. Even the washroom fixtures were intact, testimony to the durability of

the then new materials. It seemed so old, yet so new. Clearly I was in ecstasy.

Unfortunately, we had to rush to grab a tour of Oak Park, which left me precious little time to explore the museum proper. So I just went off for about a quarter hour, by myself immersing myself in the glory of the interior. Into the rotunda, cursorily inspecting all the rocketships and haybales that clutter the vast open space, accentuating the pleasure-palace feeling. I go all around the wings, looking up and catching my breath; such neo-futuristic drama. Of note is an Amoco exhibit straight out of the 1950's, where you climb into Disney-like pods which take you into God-knows-what. What's this doing in a museum? A couple of escalators intrude upon the space; I go up one, look down and up at the action: Piranesi would love it. Then around the second floor, repeating procedure of exhilaration, of sinking into this visual opium. Finally I went down one of the staircases and into the lobby, but my parents took a while, allowing additional imbibement time. Then... off to Oak Park.

All the while the Human League sunk into my mind. The Human League is popular music's Art Moderne. Immensely charming pop futurism with a foot in the past, "cold yet warm." No rough edges; the synthesizers hone everything to a streamlined gloss. The homely vocals are like the Nazi/London Underground sans-serif as perfect punctuation. Open your heart to the modernistic. Monel metal anyone?

Festival Report: New Directions

by Katie Russell

An international film festival like Toronto's is one of the few opportunities for experimental and avant-garde filmmakers to publicly screen their work. Kay Armatage's New Directors/New Directions series included many films that were in their own way experimental, as well as three films by well-established avant-garde artists. These films by David Rimmer, Chantal Ackerman and Peter Wollen/Laura Mulvey are very different, and although it must be remembered that every independent experimental filmmaker is involved in a very personal and individual exercise, they are representative of the various directions the avant-garde is taking.

One issue that is always at the forefront of discussions about the avant-garde is the relation of theory to practice. There is a large body of academic writing surrounding the avant-garde, and there is an even larger body of films. While the two are complementary and interdependent, Chantal Ackerman points out that "the people who write theory don't realize that many filmmakers aren't thinking about theoretical issues in their work." Where the three films offered in this festival differ most radically is in their treatment and awareness of theory.

Vancouver-based filmmaker David Rimmer has been making films since 1969, bringing poetic sensibilities and a certain wittiness to

and lighting and sound equipment. Artists in any medium who subscribe to these principles are addressing an active — reading — audience, but must somehow avoid the critical trap of simply "making art about art".

In *Shades of Red* Rimmer applies these principles to a film about dance. The incorporation of these modernist/reflexive devices into an exposition of a particular art-form, will inevitably result in a comparison between the form and the content. What happens in this film is that an analogy is set up between filmmaking and choreography, which is something quite different from comparing film and dance. Rimmer is concerned with the creative processes involved, expressed through the similar and simultaneous development of film and dance, both of which involve artistic cooperation.

Unlike most of his films, this one makes no use of film-loops, although one of the dances, aptly titled "Coming Together" is set to a repetitive poetic recitation. A repeated sentence provides a rigid structure that is elaborated upon by the dancers. Their movements are dramatic, expressive and variable, and yet respect the poetic rhythm. Previously, Rimmer has used the rhythm of a repeated segment of film as a basis for his rephotography variations, embellishing it and restructuring it in the darkroom. Rimmer's unique style has taken an exciting turn in *Shades of Red*.



Peter Wollen/Laura Mulvey

what is called "structural" film. *Shades of Red*, Rimmer's latest film, which showed at the Bloor on Sept. 14th, is not his first documentary. For a long time he has been investigating a meeting of structural-materialism and formalist document, producing films as varied as *real Italian Pizza* (1973) and *Al Neil* (1980), and his most popular (hah!) film, *Variations on a Cellophane Wrapper* (1970).

Trademarks of structural film (which has no connection with structuralism) are a fixed frame, looping, rephotography and flicker, techniques that contribute to a "reflexive" cinema, one that is aware of its own devices, commenting on itself as much as on its subject-matter. This extension of modernism into film is grounded in the principle of anti-illusion, or in other words, of deliberately avoiding the cinematic creation of a false reality. It is accomplished by foregrounding various components of the film apparatus, such as the frame limits, individual frames (flicker effect)

In both of the recorded performances, the filmmakers' presence is evident. The dances have obviously been altered in the editing room, as there are cuts in each dance to action that is apparently not happening on the same stage at the same time. In the first, the choreographer shouts out metaphorical directions in shades of red (squashed cherries, blood and poinsettias), but we are not allowed to see her physical proximity to the company, as the camera cuts back and forth between the two. In the second, Rimmer occasionally "fleshes" away from the five dancers to shots of nine dancers in the same costumes and formations. Both dances are staged in artificially delineated squares of floor, the edges being simply where light meets darkness. Lights on tripods appear in the first dance. And in "Coming Together" the camera circles the dancers with a spotlight circling in the opposite direction so that the two regularly confront each other.

Besides these performances, Rimmer has included rehearsals of "Coming Together" and interviews with choreographer Paula Ross. She speaks of dance technique and theory, but when she's finished saying what she has to say, Rimmer's camera lingers, embarrassing her. She asks him once to "turn that thing off". Irony is an inevitable trait of self-conscious art, and it is most effective when it is recognized by the work, often as humour. When Ross rehearses her company she instructs her dancers to be conscious of the camera, to face it, to turn away from it, to treat it as "the monster".

Because these rehearsals are obviously for a dance to be performed in David Rimmer's film, they are actually rehearsals for the film itself. The film's inclusion of its own construction is a Chinese-box effect and is, again, an element of Rimmer's reflexive technique, and is alluded to in the tautological title. As the dancers gradually become comfortable with the dance, the film nears its own finale with the final performance. Dance and film grow together, and hence the title of the dance.

What is consistently remarkable about Rimmer's work is that he manages to address theoretical issues in films that have a distinctive poetic beauty. *Shades of Red* is no exception. The bugs butterfly capes that play tax-tural acrobatics with the taut limbs of the dancers, and the sheer competence and expressiveness of Paula Ross's dance company are what really make the film so exciting.

"Poetic" is the word which best describes Chantal Ackerman's film *Touta Une Nuit*. When asked in a question period following the screening what this incredible film was "about", she could only shrug and explain that it came from somewhere inside her, it happened as it went along. The question doesn't apply. It is a different kind of filmmaking that addresses itself to the audience. It does not ingest a passive audience to involve it in its inner works and spit it out as "meaning", but rather presents itself, like poetry, in disparate yet continuous phrases.

Ackerman warns her audience "do not look for one story; the film is many fragments of small stories" so that "they won't miss the first fifteen minutes trying to get involved, trying to make sense of all the different characters and actions." The amazing thing about *Touta Une Nuit* is that despite the total lack of narrative connection between these very brief scenes, the film has a very satisfying fluidity. Even a viewer who is unfamiliar with this kind of work can't help but be impressed by the film's movement. It is something like a tapestry, in which the threads are the different repeated elements, some running throughout, holding the cloth together, and some appearing only in a few sequences.

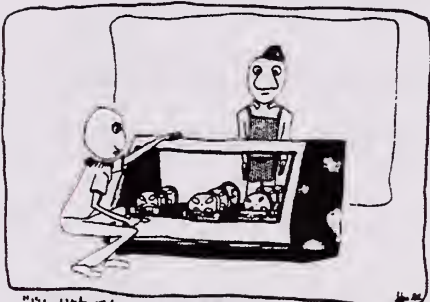
In a darkness that is so deep and silent that the characters are isolated in thousands of their own echoing footsteps, they give each other serious and despairing looks. They rarely speak. They often run into each other's arms. But not all of these scenes are of couples; some have only a single person, some three people. For maybe four sequences in a row the setting will be nearly — but not exactly — identical, and then she'll cut to a new one. Some scenes are complete, cut on an entrance or exit, while sometimes the camera is just placed in front of some continuous action.

In *Touta Une Nuit* Ackerman is not constructing cinematic illusions, but is expressing very personal yet not unfamiliar impressions of human behaviour and emotions. Like both Rimmer and Ross in *Shades of Red*, it is an artistic vision more than anything else that is being communicated. It is an idea of Ackerman's that is not accessible through spoken or written language, but must be said through film. A linguistic interpretation is as little applicable to this work as it is to music or dance.

The night lasts for about three-quarters of the film. The close atmosphere that keeps everyone on edge, waiting, is suddenly broken with a blast of daylight. Because in the morning we return to many of the characters we saw

during the night. *Toute Une Nuit* is not completely non-narrative. Ackerman said that if she had been more aware of what she was doing, she wouldn't have made these returns. It would have been more radical, she admits, if she had, but she thought they were "pleasurable", which they are, and why cut out pleasure just for the sake of being radical?

That's the sort of statement that drives theoreticians wild. Although Ackerman's films, particularly *Jeanne Dielman* (1975), have provided a good deal of fuel for the academic fire, she herself doesn't read theory or consciously apply it to her work. Much of the discussion has been focussed on her original style of narrative construction, her technique of lingering on ebeneited settings and framing



cartoon by Adam Vaughan

both action and emptiness in novel ways. This is much in evidence in *Toute Une Nuit* which depends almost entirely on camera stylitics and editing for its continuity.

Chantal Ackerman is regarded as a specifically feminist filmmaker partly because, except for her latest one (and even it is not entirely an exception), her films have dealt explicitly with women and women's problems. She of course claims that she does not make political films intentionally, and in fact no longer takes a position on women's issues. But her pioneering efforts in narrative structure effectively constitute a new way of articulating. Because feminist theory is very much a search for a new mode of discourse, Ackerman's work is upheld as a significant movement toward that goal. It is respected by women as an alternative method of producing meaning, one that is independent of traditional patriarchal discourse (which has been proven to be as big a factor in cinematic rhetoric as it is in ordinary language).

The problem of language is in fact the subject of *Crystal Gazing*, Peter Wollen and Laure Mulvey's collaboration which also premiered at the festival. They make films backwards. They design a narrative, complete with characters, action and dialogue, to effectively "enact" theoretical issues. Although the result isn't totally unsatisfactory, their audience is immediately limited to those who have the theoretical background to appreciate the points they make.

Most of the dialogue and narrative of *Crystal Gazing* reads like a text book, and academic discourse is revealed to be as problematic as women's discourse, the first being too overloaded and the second nonexistent. The analysis or even explanation of what this film is getting at is the stuff of term papers. Like *Riddles of the Sphinx* which deal adroitly and directly with issues of political and women's discourse, this film is incredibly dense. Every word and every image is loaded with symbolic, metaphorical and literal reference, as the filmmakers voice their concern for everything from fiction, desire, expectation and power to speech, media, visual imagery, mystic prognostication, and back again to language.

The film is technically and structurally well-constructed and will be, like their previous films, a big hit in film theory classrooms all over the world. But Wollen and Mulvey are not artists, not of the calibre of Rimmer or Ackerman. They lack both the wit and sensuality that these filmmakers incorporate into work which is just as theoretically sound. At one point in *Crystal Gazing* a girl plays a saxophone (she plays a lot, badly, and also sings, equally badly, throughout) next to a record player which is

bleating out other unidentifiable, remotely musical, sounds. This is ugly. There must be other ways of expressing the notion that communication is impossible when discourses conflict.

Nevertheless, *Crystal Gazing* is more accessible than *Riddle of the Sphinx* and far more entertaining. The ironies involved in discussing problems of discourse and meaning in a medium which has its own language are taken up in humour.

It's funny, believe me. And although Ackerman's film would seem to be the polar opposite of Wollen and Mulvey's work, it too has its lighter moments, and so does *Shades of Red*. Each filmmaker has a highly individual sense of humour that is injected into his or her work, and it's no coincidence that the one other significant parallel between the three films is their self-consciousness. By this I mean that all of these filmmakers manage to acknowledge their activity and their medium and to subtly or not so subtly comment on it. There is no reason to disguise the humour that is inherent in such a practice, and a film is most effective when the ironies can be capitalized on.

Because self-awareness is a consequence of the technique of anti-illusionism, and not the

object of the exercise, it would be ridiculous to put one's thumb under one's nose and say, "oh art about art... sigh." But people will and do.

Besides the problem of a small sympathetic audience, and perhaps as an extension of it, avant-garde filmmakers also face problems of funding and a community feeling. Ackerman says that the feedback from her films make her realize that she is part of a group, but when she is actually working she is very much alone. Local experimental filmmakers can share ideas through small theatres like Toronto's Funnel, but the community is so internationally dispersed that it is only through festivals that intercommunication can take place.

Despite the success of the films discussed here, Ackerman feels that experimental filmmaking is, as a whole, experiencing a recession. She attributes this to the fact that "the radicals of the sixties are now tired. In Paris now the people who once flocked to Godard films are watching Spielberg." She says that the only film in recent years that has really excited her, personally is Jean Luc Godard's *Passion*, which of course has not yet made it to Toronto.

Bob le Flambeur: Classic Film Noir

by John Lindsay

"Here, as told in *Montmarte*, is the curious tale of Bob le Flambeur."

With these words (or rather, sub-titles) one begins an interesting journey: a journey into the life of a Parisian gambler. Not just any gambler, however; this is Bob the Gambler, a man who lives, and is treated, like a King within his own domain, a man who proclaims "I was born with an ace in my hand." For the length of this film, Jean-Pierre Melville's 1955 classic *Bob le Flambeur*, one is left to decide how true that statement really is.

Robert Montagne is a man who is driven by a need to gamble. His day begins as the sun sets; he forays out into the dark streets to gamble until dawn in the back rooms of nightclubs and cafes. But Bob, while a compulsive gambler, is also one of a rare breed: an honorable man. He remains true to his own moral standard. Yet, for a man of honor, he finds he is becoming increasingly entangled in the day-to-day tawdriness of life in Montmartre. He decides to make a break from this existence in a clean, elegant way. He will rob the casino at Deauville. The remainder of the film handles the planning and execution of this robbery.

The film, while ostensibly a fast-paced thriller, is also a character study. Bob's dedication to gambling and his dedication

to honor are the two forces which control and shape his life and actions. As the film develops, one can see how he is bound by these codes, how he cannot betray them. Roger Duchesne, never far from his trenchcoat, gives an excellent performance as this man of paradox.

Shot in black and white, *Bob le Flambeur* is firmly in the tradition of the film noir. Although there are many comic moments scattered throughout, the overall tone is dark and gloomy. Much of the action takes place at night. Melville's shots of Montmartre and the Place Pigalle, lit by neon signs, show such hard, gritty realism that when, later in the film, the scene shifts to the countryside, one is almost shocked to see soft, rolling fields and forests.

The film suffers from some poor editing — the transition from scene to scene is sometimes jerky. However, Malville, directs and edits the last scene brilliantly. He uses quick cross-cuts to build the suspense inside the casino, as the clock ticks down to zero hour, to an almost excruciating climax.

All in all, this film, playing presently at the Backstage, is a very enjoyable experience. As it progresses, the respect one has for Bob grows until one feels that he has redeemed himself; that he was indeed born with an ace in his hand.



Bob le Flambeur

Slingshot

by Ajay Heble

Something touched him by mistake. It made a funny sort of sound when it scraped against his shoulder, a little bit like dawn's quiet laughter and simple slaughter in the sunshine. There were words and words and more words offered to him like harsh sounds and grating tones in the hasty broken silence and then she thrust the spear through his head before he had a chance to react. It went down slow and deep, penetrating into his rigid and anxious body.

Burn all the buildings. Burn everything. Set my hotel on fire. The Queen's coming to America.

She gawked at him—at his sensitivity—watching as he writhed and became one with the ground.

For hours nothing happened. Then the air inside his lungs suddenly sang a foreign shudder.

She was there—a harbinger of salvation—appearing to gently remove the spear from his head. When he woke up he was on the street with a spear in his head looking at the moon. It seemed to be sweating with an intensity of emotion. His hands were moist. His head was bleeding. He cried and cried, the wetness drilling holes into his bed of pavement until he could take it no longer. The moon sweat melting cheese while the hole inside his head began to resonate like a gourd.

wan didi win dada
wan didi win dada

catapult prematurely slinking flesh rigid rules and thunderous phrases of rhetorical sounds and words of sounds and words to fill birth space and holes of love and fear of the way it must be no

questions asked of the way it must be and why it must be so dirt and spit and slime on the floor and a time-ridden blood-stained magazine with the caption bashful lovers make savage killers and a match

Burn all the buildings. Burn everything. Set my hotel on fire. The Queen's coming to America.

The gargagemen came at night and laughed at him. They kicked him and made fun of the hole in his head. They asked him if he was waiting for a train or what. Thinking of his lover undressing in the moonlight, and while the gargagemen cursed, he fell into a state of slumber that would be temporarily untouched by all around him. When he would wake up, however, the hole in his head would remain unfilled.

The task lingered on.

Fiction

Alien Encounter

by John Hamilton

"You know that hair, the kind they put in the wigs?"

"Yeah," said her companion.

"They put that in - for protein."

"No! You're kidding," gasped the friend.

"nope. And chickens, they put them in too - beak, legs, guts, entrails, the works."

"It's a disgrace."

"I know," continued the first woman, "you just can't get a good hot dog these days. God knows what goes into them."

They both nodded with an air of resignation and made reassuring barnyard sounds.

"Everything but the squeal, that's what they use nowadays, everything but the squeal."

A gentleman I took to be the husband of one of the women had joined in. He was a scrawny character, about five foot eight, in white loafers and matching belt. His spindly legs were showcased by a pair of navy blue bermuda shorts which ended about four inches above be bedknobbed shaped knees. What was left of his salt and pepper hair was flattened across the top of his head at a reverse angle in a vain attempt to disguise a bald pate that refused to be denied.

"The squeal of the pig I mean, not the chicken," he continued. "Of course chickens don't squeal - they cluck!"

There was a long pause as his two companions assimilated this valuable piece of information. Somewhere in the back of their minds they recalled that, yes, hot dogs were originally made from pigs, now weren't they?

The little man's voice rolled on:

"Yep, nowadays there's only one way to keep from being poisoned, polluted, or worse yet - getting the big 'C'."

Both women muttered the word almost inaudibly under their breath.

"I say," continued the gaffer, "Don't Eat!"

The look on his face suggested a worthy saga uttering a great philosophical pronouncement. There was an appropriate

silence as the full weight of his words sank in. From the looks of the boney old "Jack Sprat" I imagined he followed his own advice.

A bell rang and the line we were standing in began to move, its orderly shepe soon deteriorating into an amorphous crush of bodies. I lost sight of my three companions as we surged forward but above the din I could hear old "Jack" muttering at irregular intervals - "Everything but the squeal, yep, everything but the squeal."

Late that night I tossed restlessly in my sleep. The line continued to haunt me. The sound of the old man's voice reverberated between the dark, cavernous walls of my unconscious. The curious, side-of-the-mouth lilt of it, making the oft-repeated line, "Everything but the squeal," sound like

something from a detective novel describing the fate of the wretched police informer.

Suddenly I found myself being pursued through a grotesque, subterranean labyrinth. A giant hot dog, ketchup saliva dripping from its huge fangs, shouted after me maniacally, "Don't Eat! Don't Eat!" as the voice of the old men echoed around us.

I awoke with a start, covered in a cold sweat, to find myself in a strange room staring at an unfamiliar wall. I remembered: I was in a motel room, far from home. I arose from my bed, walked to the window and drew back the curtains. Moonlight reflected on the surface of the placid river outside.

I noticed a half empty bottle of scotch on the table beside me and poured myself a stiff drink and waited for the horror to subside. One must steel one's self, I concluded after mustering my strength. If one wishes to travel in strange lands and deal with these strange creatures on their own terms.

It was a worthy sentiment at the time, but now, looking back, I have to admit I still shudder at the thought of the experience.



Nanny

by Danielle Savage

She is walking down the street holding hands with a two-and-a-half-year-old. She is wearing a purple sweatshirt, bright green harem pants and red espadrilles; since taking this job she has felt the need to be especially fleshy. Perhaps in the back of her mind there is still that notion of brown and grey tweed and indistinguishable shoes.

On every corner there is a post, and on every post there is a poster, and on every poster there is a person who has just been shot in the eye. An ad for the movie *Potemkin*. It is disconcerting to be confronted with this image every few feet. Sometimes she looks away, sometimes she looks at it squarely and tells herself it's only a photograph, but mostly she shudders when she sees it. When will it end, she wonders. Perhaps when they start showing the next feature.

"June, what's your name?" he asks, looking up at her and smiling. He gets a huge kick out of this. He would say it a hundred times a day if she didn't change the subject once in a while.

"My name is Florence Nightingale," she answers, for variety. He breaks out laughing. He just loves it.

"And what do you do?" they ask me, leaning forward slightly and taking a gulp of beer, or perhaps a drag of a cigarette.

"I'm a nanny."

At this point they usually change the subject. Occasionally they will dwell on it while managing to cover no ground at all: You're a what? You're what? You're a nanny? You're kidding. Are you serious? etc.

Often I get looks of sympathy. No one has yet figured out that I do this because I want to.

"You want to? But why?" asked my friend

Rob, when I told him.

"It's a challenge."

"So's swimming the English Channel."

"Yeah, well, who knows?" Meaning that that might be next.

Nanny. Nenny. Nannynannynanny.

She is leaning on the piano in a smoky room, wearing a long black dress. Fingering her string of pearls. "I tried to avoid the term," she



photo by Svet Lilova

says huskily into her glass of scotch, "but it caught up with me." Mother's helper, babysitter, governess, au pair (which sounds classy because French but 50% don't know what the hell it means)... no, nanny's the word, all right.

She sighs.

"Bring the lady another drink," says a benevolent middle-aged man.

Another bar: O'Rourke's Irish Pub, compleat with 4-leaf clover motif. They are sitting across from each other. He has bought her two beers and is busy trying to convince her to sleep with him. She smiles sweetly. Why should she? She only met him half an hour ago on Yonge Street.

He has bushy red hair and an impish smile. He looks like an overgrown leprechaun.

While playing footsy under the table he is trying to be intellectual too. They talk about school. It is discovered that they both used to be English majors.

"OK," she says. A test. "If that's true, what is the name of the narrator in *Moby Dick*?"

"Ahab," he says victoriously.

This is wrong, but she goes home with him anyway.

She is riding on the strotcar, pretending that she has travelled very far. Her hungry eyes devour Lakeshore Boulevard, a feast.

In the next scot up a little girl is sitting on her father's lap and so is facing her. Her father is speaking to her in Portuguese. In a moment, she directs her attention to June.

"Hi," she says.

"Hi," June answers solemnly, as if she has been humbly awaiting this greeting.

"Chasfess," the little girl says, of the pieces of paper in her hand.

"Transfers," repeats June, nodding.

Football? You Bet!

by Simon Cotter

At last... good news for all degenerates, axe-murderers and other typical Innis students: you no longer have to wait for your final grades to get your agressions out. Now you can hit people, hurt people, and have an all-round good time without getting arrested. Innis now has its own "tackle football team." A mob of rampaging Innis students have combined with a handful of U.C. students to create the only suitable replacement for the NFL. Competent inside sources reveal a major network deal is in the works to televise all U.C./Innis games. Due to blackout regulations in the Toronto area, true connoisseurs of controlled brutality must attend these games in person. The games will be played on the back campus field and the first two games will be on Saturday, Oct. 2 at 10:30 a.m. against Trinity (they'll be saying their prayers). The second game will be on Monday, Oct. 9 at 4:15 p.m. against Forestry (we'll cut them down to size).

Don't miss this opportunity to cheer Innis' great new hope for a championship team.

Herald Classifieds

Herald Classifieds are free. Just write your message out (legibly), and include your name and phone number so we can contact you if we need to. Than simply drop it off at the Herald mailbox in the L.C.S.S. office

(that room right next door to the St. George St. entrance) or in the envelope outside the Herald office (rm. 303 of the old building). There, now, that's not so hard, is it?

Go on idea for a business? Business office, 869 Bathurst. \$75 mo. Business mail address and message service \$40 mo. Boardroom incl. 538-7691.

Cricket at the Campus: Anyone interested in playing cricket and helping to start a team at the campus, please call the following numbers immediately:

-Bradly Brooker, 924-2870 (Mon. Tues. Thurs. after 10 p.m., Wed. after 7 p.m.)
-Mohammed Khan 534-5312 (weekends)

Note: If we get enough members, there is a possibility to enter a team in the Toronto and District Indoor-Cricket League starting in the end of October 1982.

For Sale: Bathtub with faucets, c. 1930. A classic Call 977-4589, 10-6 only.

Modern Mime classes with Jay Fisher at Teppa School of Arts starting Oct. 16. Call 947-0112 Tues-Sat 12-5 or 363-2782 after hours.

Do you have trouble making it to the coffemaker in the morning? Then call Sam, professional morning class attender. Superior note taking. Reasonable rates 987-1111 afternoons.

Connie and Lola, won't you please come home?

Young people who break the law are pretty tough — right? Hardly! Sometimes life is tough... and that's why kids who have had a run-in with the law need volunteers — like you — before it's too late. Please give us a call — Juvenile Justice Volunteer Program — at 923-4516. You might be the deciding factor in a youngster's life.

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Various payphones on the campuses have been equipped with amplification adjustable handsets. It is possible with these to amplify the sound in the receiver to the necessary level by means of a light touch rocker bar. Over such instruments there is an instructional sign containing the international symbol of hearing accessibility. Hearing-impaired persons wishing to receive a list of the locations of these payphones at U. of T. are asked to contact the University's Co-ordinator of Services to Disabled Persons, Eileen Berbeau, at 140 St. George St., Room 623 or 978-3011.

Dance/Wave Workout, every Tues. and Thurs. 10:15-11:00 a.m. \$2. Movement, stretch and exercise to current music at A.R.C. 789 Queen St. W.



Martha Davis, Toronto, 1978
Reg and Ernie Singing Jingle Bell

Martha Davis graduated from Innis in 1981. She is currently working full-time on her second feature-length film, *PATH*, with the assistance of a grant from the Canada Council.